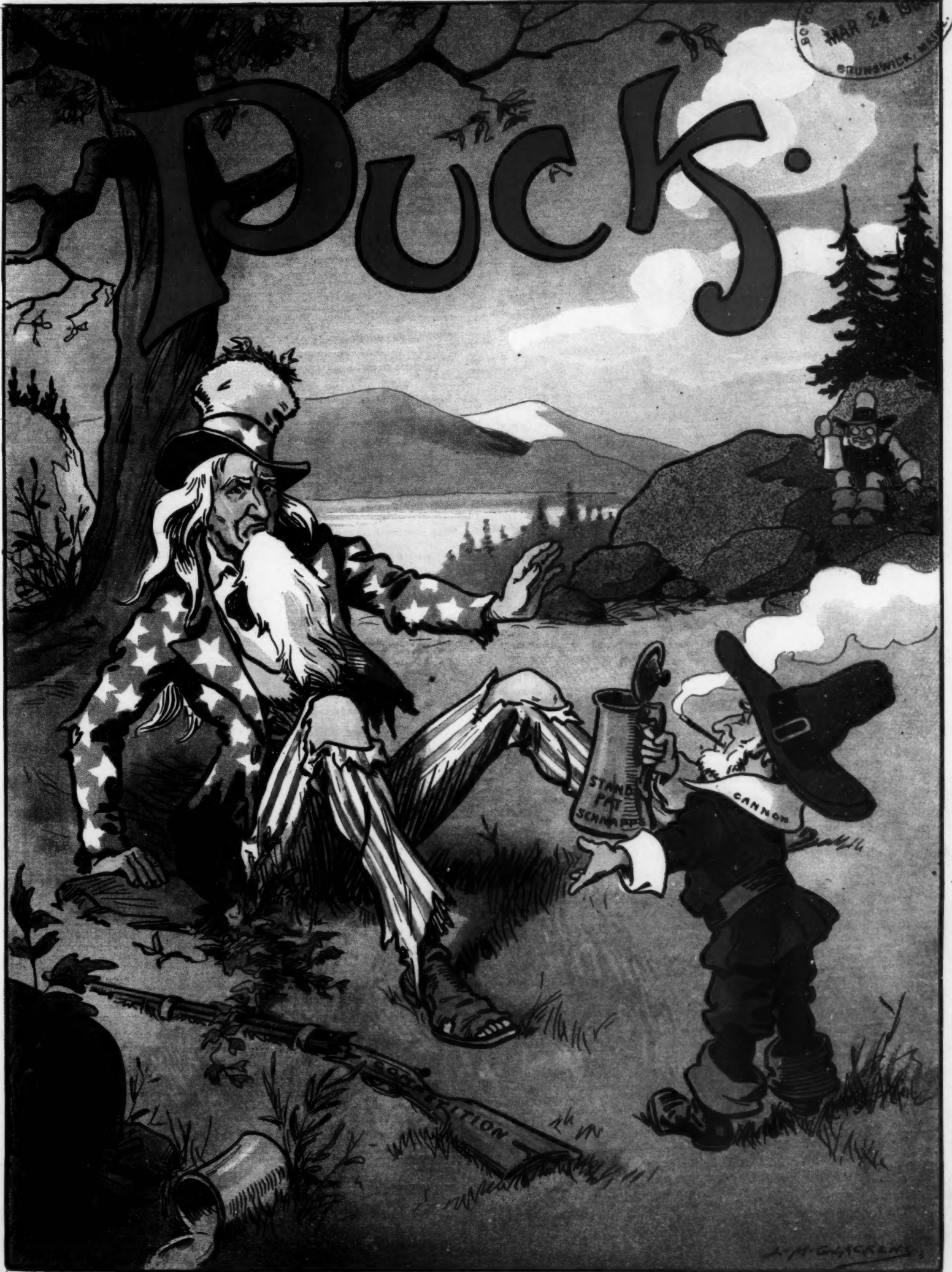


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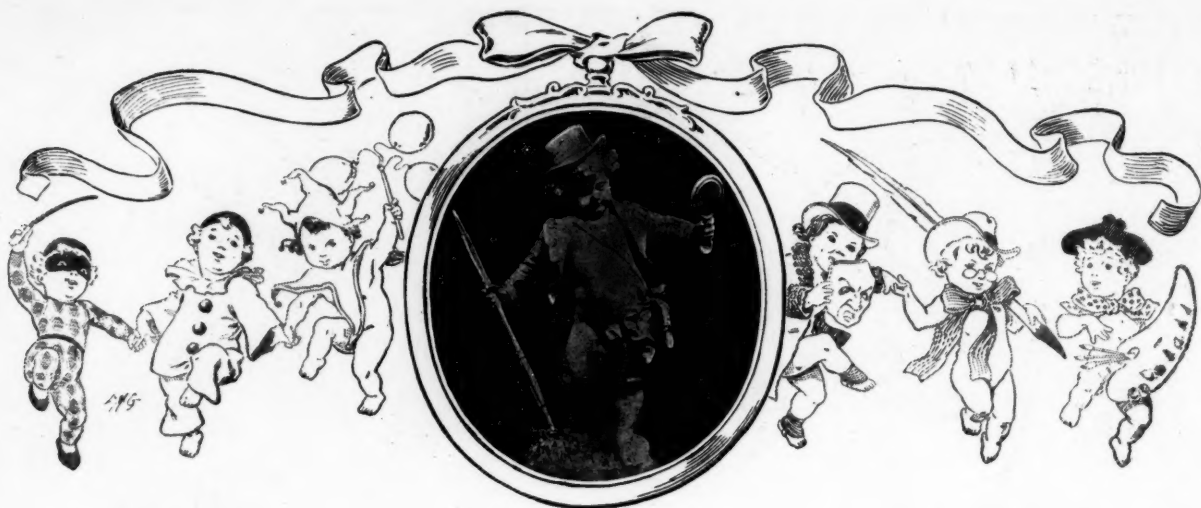
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THE ROUSING OF RIP.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

"NO MORE OF THAT, THANK YOU. I'M AWAKE."

PUCK



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

WHEN WE speak of Feudalism, we refer to something which existed hundreds of years ago; something contemporaneous with castles and posterns and moats and such things. We do not associate Feudalism with a civilized age like this; nor look for news of the Feudal Barons in the daily papers. Such details we may find in history, bound in cloth or half-calf, and it is impressive reading which tells us how a few men had absolute power over many, power even of life and death. If the many fought for the few when there was fighting to be done, and otherwise did their bidding, the many were permitted



"MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN."

to be born, to exist and to die in a hovel within sight of the castle. They were allowed to raise something to eat on the baron's land. In brief, if they did what they were told to do, their masters would see to it that they didn't starve. If they showed an opposite inclination—well, those were short shrift days, those middle ages. We are glad they are gone—but *are* they gone? We don't call them barons, and their castles are not surrounded by moats and spanned by draw-bridges, but nevertheless there are quite a few feudal-minded gentlemen in the United States to-day, and their methods, though more refined than those of their predecessors, are the same in spirit. They say to those under them: "If the tariff is reduced on our product, we will be forced to shut down and then *you* will lose your jobs, and your families perhaps will starve. You'd better make Congress understand your position in this matter." The vassals of these modern barons may have large doubts as to their superiors' right to tariff graft, but the call of the stomach is loud and imperative and, heeding, they act accordingly, not only at elections but at other times when the baronial interests are in danger. Just a word more. The Feudal Barons of old got their powers

originally from kings. When they got too strong, the kings took their powers away from them. The tariff barons get *their* power from the people, through Congress. When *they* get too strong——

IN THE months without T. R.
Oyster Bay's unpopular.

THE POWER of the people of the United States, through their representatives, to fix their own revenues and control their own expenditures is one of the sublimest attributes of our liberty, consecrated by the suffering and the lives of generations of patriots.—*J. G. Cannon.*

By substituting the word "Trusts" for "people" the statement becomes correct—accepting the adjective "sublimest" in an ironical sense.

A CONGRESSIONAL admirer of Mr. Cannon dubs him "The Iron Duke." But we don't understand that Mr. Cannon represents the iron interests more particularly than others.

GOLF KEEPS Mr. Taft in good shape. — *Contemporary.*

Shades of Phidias, Praxiteles, and other moulders of the human form divine!

WE QUITE agree with Mr. Fairbanks about the peril of centralization of power. Standard Oil and Mr. Archbold's letter-file exemplify the peril. We assume that that is what Mr. Fairbanks has in mind.

FRANKLY SPEAKING, we do not think the *Outlook* will gain much in reputation by the labors of its new editor. — *Mobile Register.*

How about circulation?



THE COFFEE DRINKERS' PROTEST.

* We know that coffee drinkers look this way because we have seen their pictures in advertisements.



DINNER.

DINNER, in the primitive sense, is something to eat; but in the higher, social sense it is something to sit over in uncomfortable clothes, peck at with six kinds of forks, and be altogether bored by. Dinner is often saved by wine, because wine is a mocker and makes you think of things to say which you wouldn't think of saying otherwise.

There are men who know when wine has made them just fools enough to dine with grace, but they are not many. Most of us keep on drinking until we fancy we are witty and then nothing will keep us still.

If it is true, as some suppose, that the prohibition movement is largely due to a great people having been lashed to fury by post-prandial oratory, then have dinners after all their moral significance. It was inevitable.

CONVINCING.

TWO BOYS, John and James, were equally taught that it is more blessed to give than to receive. But John didn't believe it. Years passed, however, the boys grew up, and John fell into evil

ways, being, in fact, elected alderman from his ward. As such he received a bribe.

And curiously enough, it was by none other than James that the bribe was given.

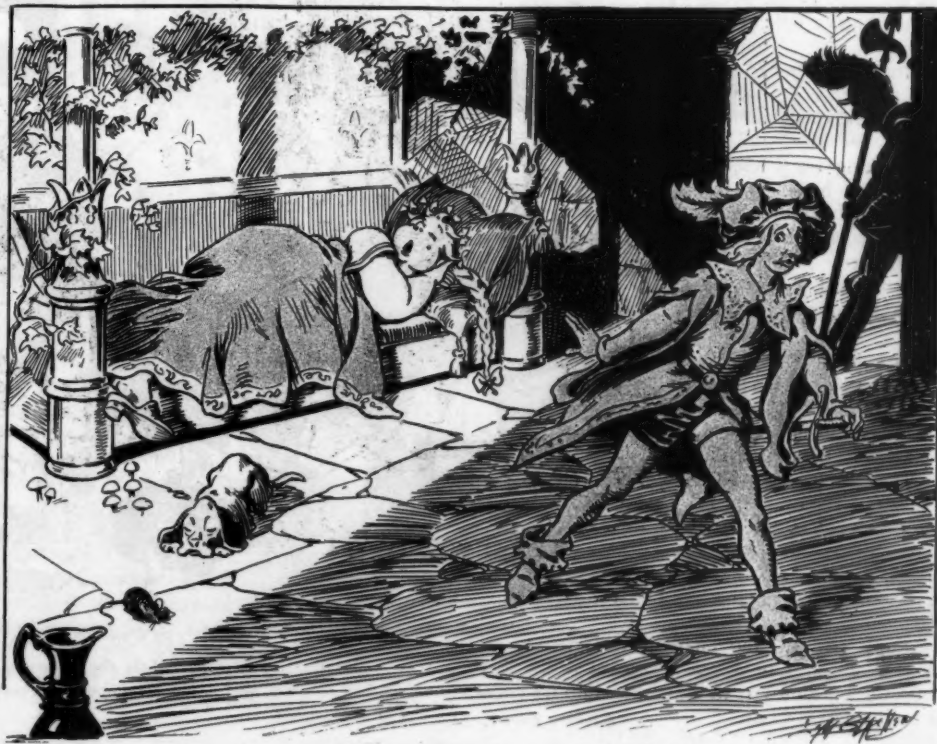
But while John went to prison for a long term of years, James remained superintendent of his Sabbath School, and was looked upon as a godly man.

"It is indeed more blessed to give than to receive!" exclaimed John, convinced.

CINCHED.

"THAT boy of mine is just bound to be President."

"Why so?"
"He chopped down a cherry tree and then split it into rails."



FACTS ABOUT FAIRY TALES.—III.

THE PRINCE (after a look at Sleeping Beauty).—Let her sleep!

PUCK



THE Man had just gone out and the Tuxedo and the Dress Coat were giving him fits. These two always hung together and buttonholed each other whenever they could on the subject of their respective wrongs. "I am almost worn out," sighed the Dress Coat. "The Man has been out every night last week and last night he wanted me to go again."

"Didn't you go?" "No. His man pressed me to go, but I had such a ripping seam ache, and felt so altogether rotten, that seeing how worn I looked, the Man decided not to risk taking me. It is well he did, for I am on the verge of a general breakdown."

"Why on earth doesn't he buy some more clothes and let us retire from public life. I am sure we are old enough to."

"I believe there is a slight coolness between him and his tailor at present."

"The Man has been very trying lately. I am always a little short with him myself, but he never seems to mind," and the Tuxedo smiled.

"His valet and I have a good deal of fun at his expense."

"Of course it is at his expense," returned the Tuxedo, shortly.

"I wish you could see some of the notes we find. Whew! They burn a hole in my pocket."

"You mean notes from women?" and the Tuxedo's tone was amazed.

"Of course. Whom did you think I meant?"

"But the man cares nothing for women."

"He doesn't, eh? Well he keeps me dancing attendance on them all the time. We take them to the opera, to bridge parties, to receptions, everywhere."

"Oh, there is some mistake. Why, as long as I have known him, I have never seen him with one."

"That is the trouble, you haven't known him long enough," and the Dress Coat grinned.

"Well I am sure you are mistaken. He never goes to anything but stag dinners, smokers and poker games."

"And I tell you he doesn't bother his head about anything but women. Look here," and the Dress Coat dramatically extended his right arm.

At the bend of the elbow was a mass of wrinkles.

"As you see," he finished, wrinkling his collar derisively, "I have been around a good deal."

"Hem! So I gather," returned the Tuxedo, sneeringly.

Exhibit A terminated the argument. As evidence it was conclusive, but the Tuxedo was so annoyed that he turned up his collar and refused to speak to the Dress Coat.

Barbara Blair.

CLASSIFIED.

HOUSTON.—Did you see that piece about Mary Garden in this morning's paper?
MULBERRY.—No; I never read the advertisements.

GERONIMO.

O SHADES that guard his lonely grave,
The simple pallet of the brave—
Permit a paleface (wearing hair)
To put a little posy there.
Great was the noble chieftain's fame,
And none of it unworked for came;
He won no laurels by a fluke,
And moralists can not rebuke
The fierce old scrapper for the sin
Of idleness. He's gathered in,
And on his pinto gaily flies
Across the Red Man's Paradise.
He labored hard, and garnered scalps,
Which, corded up, made little Alps;
Without repose, by day and night,
He slaughtered gentlemen at sight,
And Arizona's sands and stones
Were checkered with their skulls and bones.

But not for this do I entreat
To lay a posy at his feet,
And plant a pair of clinging vines,
And weep some forty-seven lines.

I hold this dead man doubly great
Because, when come to high estate,
The papers spangled with his name
The country ringing with his fame,
He did not train his voice to spout,
And hit the long Chautauqua route.

Walt Mason.



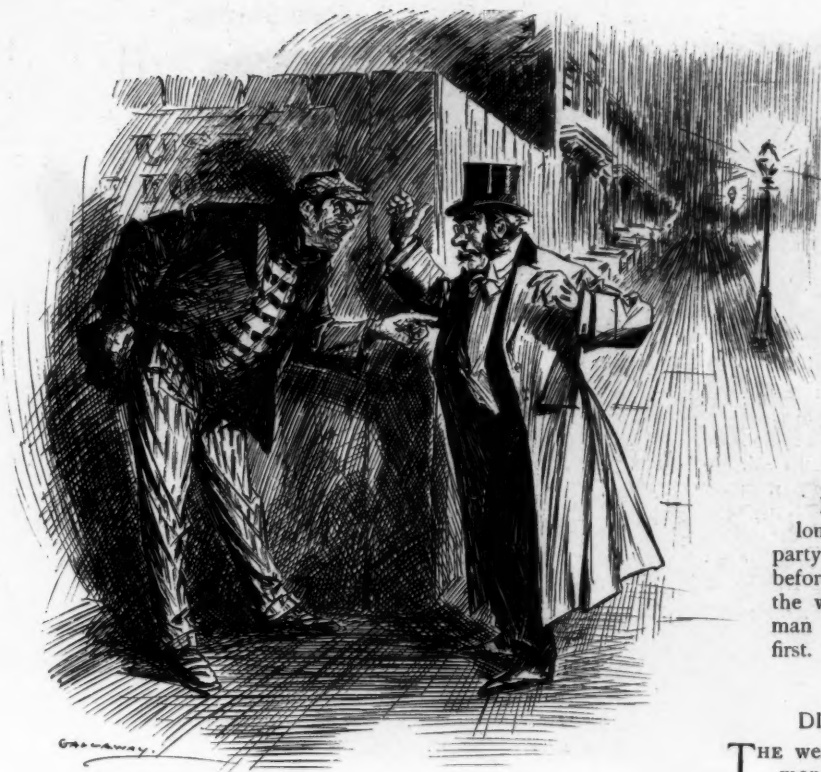
SO LONG as our desire to be well is no stronger than our unwillingness to amend the habits which have made us ill, that long we are likely to remain the easy victims of quack doctors.



PITY THE POOR TAXIDERMIST!

KERMIT (in the course of the days hunting).—Pop says here's another monkey, and he'll have a lion and a couple of flamingos for you in a minute.

In bowing to the inevitable, it is advisable to inject as much cordiality into the salute as possible.



A NICE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

"Excuse me, sir, but this is Tag Day for the benefit of the Home for Aged Porch Climbers. Would you kindly contribute a little something?"

GET SET! GO!!

UNLEASH the doggerels of baseball. The season is about to open with the usual eclat. Already the baseball reporter is rubbing his facile pen on the seat of his pants, preparing to grind out something like this:

"Smiling Harry came to the bat for the local gladiators. He was a good waiter and got three counterfeits. Lanky Jim, who was handling the damp spheroid for the opposing nine finally unwound his superstructure and put the joy pebble to the liking of His



Merriness. Smiler pressed against the little comforter for a one-sacker out into right truck-farm. Smiling Harry tarried not long on the initial sack but when Lanky Jim was not sitting up and taking notice immediately drug his anchor toward the second depot, which he larcenied in safety. The Long One showed symptoms of taking on a sky-pilot at this time and Lonesome Jim the next batter reached the first oasis via the charity route. However, his narrow lankships took a caucus with himself and Handsome Ike whiffed the ozone, the understudy for the Singer building occupying the box for the visitors putting Ike to sleep with three of his fadeaway knockout drops. In the meantime Smiling Harry and Lonesome Jim performed a twin pilfer and were safely occupying second and third refuge when the smoke cleared away. Hank the Bite put a fly in Lanky Jim's ointment by aeroplaning to the Midway Plaisance, Smiling Harry ambling on to the lowly thatched cottage on the put-out."

C. M. Baldwin.

"THEY say Flubdub's youngest boy is quite a prodigy." "Yes, he can name all the Vice-Presidents of the United States."

BETTER, ON THE WHOLE.

BUT WHEN, at length, in virtue of advanced educational methods there was born a generation with perfect memories, much confusion resulted.

Men remembered to mail the letters given them by their wives, and the post-office was swamped by the increase of business.

Everybody bethought himself of all the fives and tens he had ever borrowed, and the strain of the currency-supply threw the financial world into a panic. Names were recalled exactly as well as faces, working a revolution in polite society.

But on the other hand, the masses no longer forgot what the party in power had promised before the election so that on the whole the last state of man was better than the first.

Ramsey Benson.



DIRE PREDICTION.

THE weather forecaster was summoned to the telephone.

"That you, Jeremiah?"

"Yes, love."

"You forgot to order the half-pound of red sugar, the dozen quart fruit-jars, the pink baby-ribbon, the cloves, the laundry soap, the No. 2 lamp-chimney, the camphor-gum, the changeable violet silk, the handle for the lawn-mower, the book of poems, the tooth paste and the rubber ball for the baby. You —," etc., etc.

It was his good wife's voice, and the weather man, sighing, turned and wrote the next day's forecast:

"Stormy conditions apt to prevail in this locality. Brisk breezes will be in evidence and much thunder, followed by long-sustained chilly atmosphere. Look out for destructive squalls."

SEEING 'EM.

According to a Columbia University professor, "street car straps are just loaded with microbes."



AFTER MANY TURN DOWNS.

PATER FAMILIAS (with grim humor).— Perhaps they wouldn't object to children here, Fanny. I'll ask to see a stall.

PUCK



A HONEYMOON INVESTMENT.

"WE WON'T OPEN IT TILL OUR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY."

NO TIME FOR FRILLS.

"UH-WELL, BRUDDREN," a bit pessimistically began Brother Hawhee, rising in the midst of the gathered pillars of Ebenezer Chapel at a recent business meeting, "I don't want to be pertinence, nor nuthin', but I desiahs to state dat I don't indawse de action o' dis yuh 'semblage in draggin' Brudder Mordecai Tump to de do' an' flinging him out, as has dess done been did. 'Pears to me, I's heered some's dat dis is a free country, and looks like a man ort-uh have a right to 'spress his sediments. I



A DRAMATIC SITUATION.

knowledges dat dis yuh New Thought propy-gander, dat de brudder done induced, sounds some quaint to our un-tooted yeahs, uh-kase we-all isn't 'customed to it, but, at dat, what kind-uh impoliteness is it for haffer dozen husky black men to hop onto one po' little skinny yallah gen'leman, dat's dess moved into de c'munity, and drag him to de do' and ooze him out? And I moves yo', Bruddren, dat, in de int'rest o' fa'rness and squar'ness, Brudder Mordecai be invited back ag'in to lubricate his New Thought the'ry, and —"

"Now, now, Brudder Hawhee," soothingly said good old Parson Bagster. "We are yuh to-day to figger wid facts — it's a condition and not a the'ry dat in-fronts us! — to cipher out how we're gwine to pay de over-due installment on de awgin. Dis yuh New Thought sizzum am all right as an amusement, mebbly, but — bless goodness! — we isn't yuh to retreat into de dahk caverns of our minds and set supremely on our backs and wait for de ravens to come an' poke dat awgin-money into our open moufs. Dis is de last day ob grace, and de white man dat we owes is gwine to come down on us wid de law and snatch away de awgin if we don't pay up. No use to try to pay dat snappy-jawed white man in New

Thought — he wouldn't un'erstand it. Talk it to de constable dat he brings wid him, and he'll hit yo' in de head. We ain't got no time to polly-fox; we gotter dig! Brudder Mordecai Tump, havin' been drug out, what's de use-uh draggin' him in ag'in?"

Tom P. Morgan.



IN THE LONG, LONG AGO.

DINKYSAURUS (to his friend, the Doodledactyl). — Say, don't you pity pets? I'm awful sorry for 'em.

PUCK

BENEFICENCE.

BY SOME error of the clerks, the hero got on the wrong list, and was presented with a library.

"However," exclaimed the brave fellow, "one should not look a gift horse in the mouth!"

And after all, was he not fortunate in not having been made the recipient of a peace palace, or an institute of technology?



YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.



HERE'S a phrase imbecilic one hears every day—

You know what I mean—

Affected by persons with nothing to say—

You know what I mean.

So much of their arid inane conversation

Consists of this wearisome reiteration,

It gets on one's nerves in a maddening way;—

You know what I mean.

When they babble this phrase every sentence or two—

You know what I mean—

One is tempted to say, "No, I'm —ed* if I do!"—

You know what I mean.

Or suppose that one knows, what the deuce does it matter—

The getting or missing the point of their patter?

One listens politely until they are through;—

You know what I mean.

One can stand "don't you know" forty times in a chat—

You know what I mean.

One endures "do you see"—one is hardened to that—

You know what I mean.

But of all the inane and superfluous phrases

The one which the very least meaning conveys is

That abstract of all that is silly and flat,

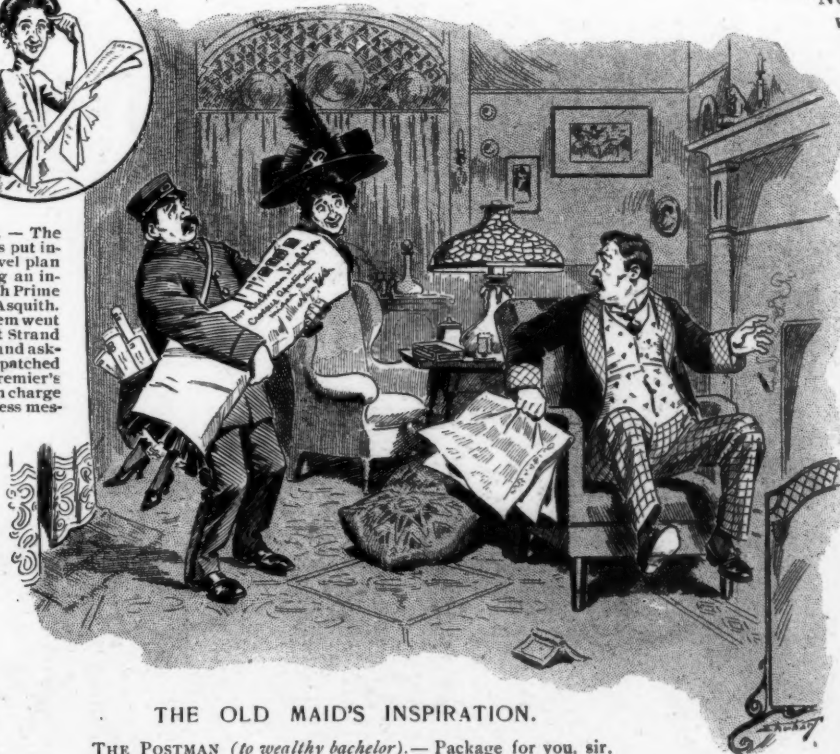
"You know what I mean."

B. L. T.

* You know what I mean.



LONDON.—The suffragettes put in to use a novel plan for gaining an interview with Prime Minister Asquith. Some of them went to the West Strand post office and asked to be despatched to the Premier's residence in charge of an express messenger.



THE OLD MAID'S INSPIRATION.

THE POSTMAN (to wealthy bachelor).—Package for you, sir.

NOT ENOUGH TAIL.

THE HARD LUCK OF INDIGENT ALBERT.

"MY unfortnit condition I traces direct to the vanity of wimmin," said Indigent Albert, accounting for his financial lack of stature to the pedestrian of benevolent aspect.

"How is that?"

"Well, sir, you see I was seckind mate aboard of a three-masted schooner what traded between here and South Amurrika. She was the daisiest (parding my tears) little craft that ever sailed the oshun blue. She was built all through of the finest curly maple, wich every seaman knows is the best wood for ships what is."

"That's news to me."

"Yes, sir; p'raps. But as I was sayin'.

We took on board one trip a cargo of them irons what wimmin uses for to mar-sell their hair. Tthey was for wimmin in Brozil. We was doin' fine and dandy until we struck the tropics. Then them irons got het up, and the whole ship went to pieces. O, it was rotten hard luck, it was."

"But I don't understand."

"No sir, p'raps not. But as I was sayin'.

W'en them irons got het up, every curly maple plank in the ship jest nacherally curled up in a mar-sell wave, and we pore marineers had to swim to shore, miles and miles away thank you kindly, sir. You has a heart of dimonds. This will give me a place to lay my poor unfortnit head."

Freeman Tilden.



OMINOUS OUTLOOK.

"WELL, anything new lately?" inquired the just-arrived washing-machine agent, as he hopped onto the porch of the Skeedee tavern.

"Well, no, not worth mentioning, I guess," replied the landlord. "Things is kinda slow, just now, and—but, ho! Come to think, three people were bit by a pet squirrel, last week, and considerable fear is expressed that they may go nutty."

THE DIFFERENCE.

"PAPA, what is the difference between a senator and a member of Congress?"

"A senator, my son, is an alderman grown one size larger, and a congressman is an alderman who has not grown."

An epigram is the way a platitude looks to the fellow who has just got it off.

BALLINGER.

MEYER.

HITCHCOCK.

PUCK



THE PUCK PRESS

DICKINSON.

WILSON.

KNOX.

WICKERSHAM.

TAFT AND HIS

—After Rembr



MACVRAUGH.

NAGEL.

AND HIS CABINET.

—After Rembrandt's "Anatomy Lesson."

THE AMOURS OF AMETHYST JONES.

III.

SATAN is very like unto Love," said Amethyst Jones, wiping the steam from his glasses and immediately sampling his hot Scotch with rare grace. We at the club prepared to listen.

"In this regard," explained Amethyst: "Satan finds employment for the idle. I have often noticed that when a man is hustling to put through a legitimate business deal neither Satan nor Love dogs his footsteps or attacks his heart with that assiduity characteristic of the Fiend or the Goddess when a gentleman's days are days of leisure and his nights are filled only with sad thoughts and pensive yearnings. A single hour of unoccupied moonlight is often responsible for the birth of a Passion so momentous that one's inmost soul is smitten. I believe Byron expresses some sentiment along this line in his infamous *Don Juan*.

"The Summer after the Summer of my perfect passion for Nettie Darling, the red haired beauty who wrote to me in pale blue ink, I fell in love with Emma Tipton, the charming daughter of the man who kept the very worst hotel in Connecticut. Some of my father's workmen were putting in a new baptismal tank at the Baptist Church in the town where Emma lived, and I was sent up there to loaf around, and watch the workmen. Let me say right here that it was nothing less than sacrilege for the same individual to supervise the Baptist tank, and board at Tipton's Hotel. Emma's mother ran the dining room. She was frequently braced to the performance of her duties by liquor. She ran the dining room better when not entirely sober. Emma's father had not been sober at all for twenty years. Emma waited upon my table the first noon after I had arrived at Tipton's. 'Beefsteak, and Eggs,' said she, in a voice like the gentle music of the flowing woodland brook.

"Yes," said I, gazing at Emma's carmine cheeks and lustrous violet eyes, and noting the glory of her beautiful golden hair.

"Which?" said Emma, in a hushed voice.

"Both," said I, madly.

Emma admired my bravery; for her mother was within hearing. Emma's lissome, queenly figure swayed, and she glided down the dining room with the grace of a sylph. I got "Both." There had been no objection other than a surprised snort from Emma's mother. My audacity had carried me far. I shall never forget



WAITING FOR A BITE.

Emma's soulful look when she placed my dinner before me. The mother had hurriedly retired, in quest of stimulants. It was not customary to serve guests at Tipton's with "Both." I wandered away from the repast with a desire to see more of Emma.

"That night we sat, she and I, in a secluded corner of the hotel veranda. 'Uprose the yellow moon.' My arm twined itself about Emma's waist. I drew her to me. There was a long, long kiss of Youth and Fire. Emma gasped. 'You mustn't, Oh, you mustn't!' breathed Emma.

"But, yes, I must," murmured I.

"You're the first man who ever kissed me!" she half sobbed, in an ecstasy of new-born love. The first 'MAN.' Oh, Ye Gods! was ever youth of seventeen lifted higher in mad Devotion than I, when Emma's lips said that cherished word? Oh, Ye Gods, and again Ye Gods! My soul rose to the stars. My arm was tightly clasped about her waist, there in the light of the yellow moon on the piazza of Tipton's hotel. Love? Love Emma? It was divine. I would have given my life for her. What was the Baptist tank, now? What was Emma's father, who habitually walked with a limp to conceal the fact that he was drunk? And did Emma's mother matter? Not at ALL.

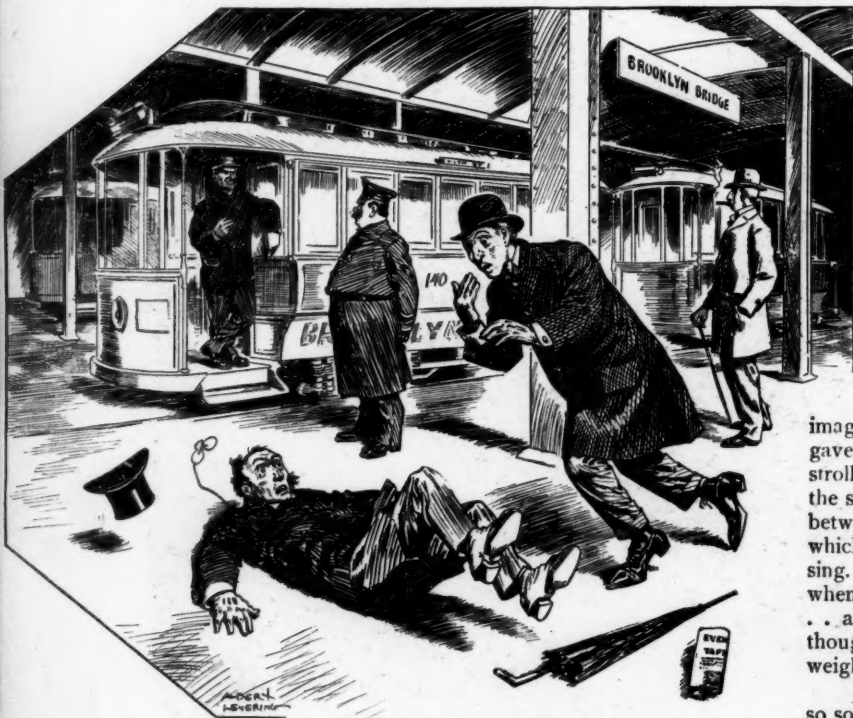
"Those days linger in memory like mists of glory. Those mad nights of desire and delight and Emma are jewels hidden in my soul forever. I tell you the truth, a small fragment of the truth, when I say that Emma and I lived exclusively in Heaven. Tipton's hotel, the Baptist tank, and Emma's parents were but figments of the imagination. For one another we lived and prayed and sighed. She gave me flowers, which I wore over my heart. We wandered and strolled by day in deep and wonderful woods. At night we sat on the second story veranda so close that no ray of moonshine ever got between us. And she used to take me into her own little boudoir, which opened off that veranda. Emma had a piano, and could sing. No voice among the Angels could be so sweet as hers. And when she had sung, she used to lay her fair head upon my breast . . . and I restlessly rocked her to rest. I remember that chair as though it were but yesterday. It had a musical squeak, with the weight of two.

"Ah, my Emma! So sweet you were, so wonderful your lips, so soft your voice, so clinging your arms that had I died, the death would have been better than endless years upon a dull, drab earth alone.

"And yet, we were to be ruthlessly torn apart. The Baptist tank was done. I went back to the city, engaged to be married to Emma. I had five locks of her hair. The other day, I found one



Emma.



IN THE EARLY AFTERNOON.

REMORSEFUL BROOKLYNITE.—I beg your pardon, sir, but usually I come across in the six o'clock crush, and I just have to knock someone down when I get in a car.

Constructive statesmanship is discovering new ways of using the resources of the government to bribe voters to support the party in power.

PUCK



EXECUTIVE SUGGESTION.

VISITOR.—What in the world does the sign mean?
MR. SUBBBS (*gleefully*).—Greatest scheme on earth, old chap! I placed it there the first day our present cook arrived and she has been with us nearly a month now!

... it was done up in tissue paper, with a faded flower that crumbled to dust at the touch—

Amethyst Jones' voice sank so low, that we leaned forward, to hear his next words. There was a tear in his dim blue eye. For a moment, no word came. Amethyst reached gently forward for his hot Scotch. "Here's to Emma!" he said—"God Bless her memory—she's in Heaven now."

"Heaven?" we asked, breathless.

"Yes," said Amethyst, dreamily, Emma married a millionaire widower with four children. The children are in Hoboken, and Emma's husband's address is *Rue de Bompert*, near the *Champs Elysees*, Paris.

Fred. Ladd.

A WILLING MARTYR.

SHE couldn't walk, she couldn't talk,
She couldn't breathe, or smile,
She looked a fright—she was bedight
All in the latest style.

CORRECTING HIM.

JUDGE.—Up again, Casey, for evading the law.

CASEY.—Don't rub it in, Jedge. Oi only wish Oi had evaded it instead of runnin' into two cops on the corner.

A HITCH.

IT WAS the Last Day. The graves had opened, *ex propria vigore*.

Not so, however, the bottles wherein the surgeons had pickled all the appendices, etc.

"What's the matter?" whispered the spectators, uneasily, one to another.

"They're hunting for a corkscrew!" explained the ushers, civilly.

THE RECIPE FOR GODDESSES.

"BETWEEN you and me, dear," confided Venus, "it is a good thing for our reputation as peerless beauties that we dwell upon earth in the good, old days."

"How is that?" asked Cleopatra, cuddling closer upon the cloud on which they were taking their regular morning complexion-flight.

Whereupon the fair Cytherian goddess produced a daily newspaper, wherein were advertised Wood-Nymph Switches, Parisian Pompadours, Fluffy-Ruffles Puffs and Tourist Nets, with other astonishing bargains in hair-goods running from 13 cents to \$3.98; hip-pads, shoulder-pads, bust-pads and other pads too funny to mention, ranging from 3 cents to \$1.09 and six trading stamps, besides other enticing novelties in the way of Olympian Goddess Complexion Creamifier, Ruby-Red Lip Dye, Nell Gwyn Eyebrow Paste, and a patent device guaranteed to give a Grecian profile to a dish-faced domestic in thirty days.

"You see that for \$8.78 and a coupon from a Sunday newspaper, anybody can be Venus nowadays," lamented the goddess, with a moving sigh.



BIRTH OF GOLDBLOCKS.

AT THE sight of the beautiful Circassian slave, King Midas was greatly moved.

"Bring the lass hither," he commanded. "It is a big relief after a glimpse of the Queen in curling-papers."

The King placed the royal hand upon the shrinking maiden's raven hair. Instantly the long, fine strands turned to purest gold.

"Alas, alack!" cried the unhappy monarch. "The fatal touch. Take the maiden to the Keeley institute at once for the gold cure!"

But Chimer-Chanter, the court minstrel, burst into rapturous song: "O maid with the golden hair," etc., etc.

Thus it was that the oldest descriptive phrase in the world got under way.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

MR. SCRAPPINGTON.—Only two weeks ago I paid for a new spring suit for you—

MRS. SCRAPPINGTON.—Yes, I know you did! and you screeched as loudly as if you were paying for a lawsuit.

CHARITABLE.

SUMMERS.—Was it really the biggest show on earth, as they advertised in the country papers?

WES WINTERS.—Wal, makin' allowance for the feetleness of the tents, an' considerin' the fewness of their animals, an' takin' account of the small number of performers, I reckon it was.



OUR SHIFTY CLIMATE.

NORTH-BIRD (*to hardy acquaintance*).—No more sunny south for me! Why, it was so cold where I was this winter that every bird I met had tonsillitis, rheumatism or inflammation of the beak.



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All good people
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AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

YOUNG HAFFOFFSKY (to Old Haffoffsky). — Oh, Popper, wouldn't she make a grandt puller-in for der shstore!

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters in half grape fruit, after sugar is added, makes delightful morning tonic. Try it to-morrow.

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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Chewing Gum

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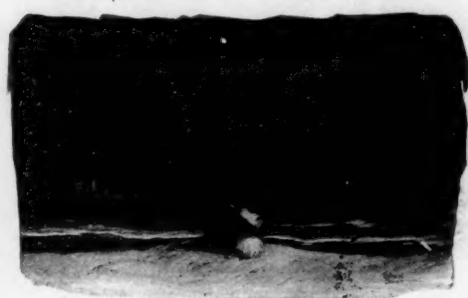
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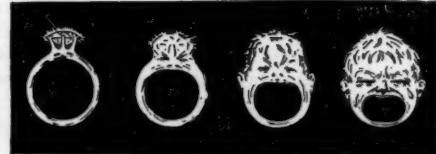
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"WHAT are you crying about?"
 "My husband beat me."
 "Who is he?"
 "A gypsy fiddler. He beat me with the fiddle bow."
 "Then you ought to be thankful he doesn't play a bass viol." — *Fliegende Blätter*.

CARRIE NATION declares she now likes England better than she did, and will remain a while longer. We hope England will not hold this against the United States at large, however. — *Washington Herald*.

THEY OFTEN DO.

"The host is not dancing this dance."
 "Neither is the hostess."
 "They're quarreling it out," explained an observant guest. — *Washington Herald*.

A SAMENESS NOTICEABLE.

PATIENCE.—I see it is said that the United States has the greatest variety of postage stamps.
 PATRICE.—And yet they all seem to taste the same. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

Two London cabbies were glaring at each other.
 "Aw, wot's the matter with you?" demanded one.
 "Nothink's the matter with me, you bloomin' idiot."
 "You gavé me a narsty look," persisted the first.
 "Me? Why, you certainly 'ave a narsty look, but I didn't give it to you, so 'elp me!" — *Everybody's Magazine*.

Pears'

cleanses thoroughly,
 soothing and freshening
 the skin.

Pears' is pure soap of
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Sold everywhere.



A FISH STORY.

LIFE SAVER.—Yessir, after they chased the whale five miles, the pesky thing jumped clean out of the water an' they seen a sign, "Property of the Standard Oil Company," writ right thar on his back in big letters!

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

THE milkmaid, as you see her on the stage, may look good to you, but she would frighten a cow. — *Atchison Weekly Globe*.



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THE KINGDOM SAVED.

When Barry Sullivan, the Irish tragedian, was playing Richard III. one night, and the actor came to the lines, "A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" some merry wag in the pit called out:
 "And wouldn't a jackass do as well for you?"
 "Sure," answered Sullivan, turning like a flash at the sound of the voice.
 "Come around to the stage door at once!" — *Rochester Herald*.

TAKING ADVICE.

FATHER.—My son, you are fortunate enough to have a comfortable college room. Then, there are fine lecture halls, and Memorial. See that you take plenty of sleep, that you tackle the courses you take with determination, and that you eat wisely.
 SON.—Right you are, Dad. You see it works this way; At my comfortable room, I eat; at the fine lecture halls, I sleep; and at Memorial, I tackle the courses. — *The Harvard Lampoon*.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned man who was a great jumper, and who held a stone in each hand when he jumped, which he threw out behind him? — *Atchison Weekly Globe*.

BUNNER'S Short Stories



SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and
 conditions of readers.
 — *Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty
 laugh even from those unused to
 smile. — *N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin*.

Made in France

Though the creations are de
 Maupassant's the style is Bun-
 ner's, and we are well acquainted
 with that quaint humor and orig-
 inality. — *Detroit Free Press*.

More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious
 absurdities, perhaps, but never
 roar because they are "awfully
 funny." — *Boston Times*.

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Mr. Bunner in the present vol-
 ume writes in his most happy
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"I have here a little anecdote."
"Is it about William Howard Taft?"
"No."
"On your way."—*Wash. Herald.*

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We point to the difference between the positively and absolutely safe Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver and the imitation near-safeties. They have some device added to them to make them near-safe. The safety feature of the Iver Johnson Safety is the firing mechanism itself—not some spring or button device to pull or press. That is why you can, in perfect safety—*not* near-safety—kick it, cuff it, knock it, or

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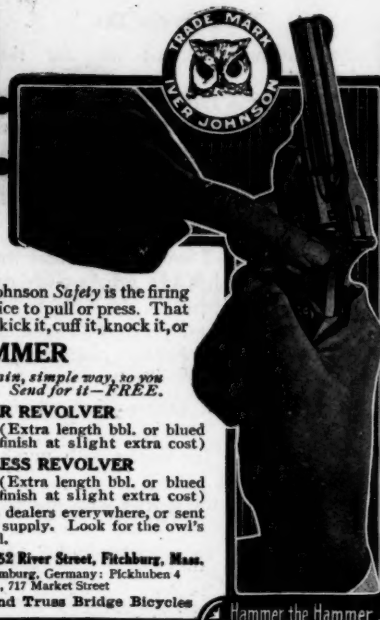
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Hammer the Hammer

THE Republican explanation of the treasury deficit is that the outgo is larger than the income. Some years ago the same Republicans explained it on the ground of "Democratic extravagance and incompetency."—*The Commoner.*

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is always a better cocktail than any made-by-guesswork drink can ever be. CLUB COCKTAILS are mixed-to-measure, delicious, fragrant, appetizing and always ready to serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whisky base) are the most popular.

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HARTFORD New York London



Join the Fight

200,000 Persons were killed by the recent Earthquake in Italy

200,000 Persons are killed annually by Tuberculosis in United States alone

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The entire exhibition which was attended recently in New York by nearly one million persons will be, as far as possible, practically reproduced in the next few issues of the magazine.

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If not, JOIN THE FIGHT anyway for your own good and for the good of humanity in general.

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Between 20 and 45 years one-third of all deaths are caused by consumption.

Join the Fight

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HEROISM.

STAFF OFFICER (at German army maneuvers).—What are you still firing for? Don't you know there are ten thousand men on that hill? The Kaiser has decided that you are annihilated.

SUBALTERN.—Sir, my men will show the Kaiser that they do not mind a little thing like that!



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COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE



For
50 Years

Withstood the
Public's Critical
Test

Golden
Jubilee

THE REST IS SILENCE.

TORPID WALTER.—Entered inter rest March fort, eighteen 'undred an' sixty-four. Why, so did I!

BUSY 'ERBERT.—Pinch yourself, silly, you ain't dead yet.

TORPID WALTER.—Course not; that's the day I was born.—*The Sketch.*

GIRLS say that the man who can cut the figure of eight backward on the ice, is seldom willing to strap their skates on for them or teach them to skate.—*Atchison Weekly Globe.*

LITTLE Willie took two girls
To the Eli game;
Tell me why he should do that—
Was his reason lame?
No; Bill fell in love with twins;
Both alike, the two;
Billy can't tell which is which—
What else could he do?
The Harvard Lampoon.

GETTING DOWN TO BRASS TACKS.

"I love you!"
"I've heard that before."
"I worship you madly."
"Loose talk."
"I can not live without your love!"
"Get some new stuff."
"Will you marry me?"
"Well, now, there's some class to that."—*Cleveland Leader.*

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43 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

TIT FOR TAT.

JONES.—Well, you and I won't be neighbors much longer. I'm going to live in a better locality.

SMITH.—So am I.

JONES.—What, are you going to move, too?

SMITH.—No; I'm going to stay here.—*Cleveland Leader.*

TOO RISKY.

HARDUP.—I'll never go to that restaurant again. The last time I was there a man got my overcoat and left his in its place.

WELLOFF.—But the proprietor wasn't to blame, was he?

HARDUP.—No; but I might meet the other man!—*Illustrated Bits.*

HELPED SOME.

MRS. GILLET.—So there is a tablet in your transept to her memory. Did she do anything to bring people into the church?

MRS. PERRY.—Well, I guess! She wore a new hat every Sunday for three years.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Pure good old RED TOP RYE

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O. LOUISVILLE, KY. ST. JOSEPH, MO.

THE IDIOT.

IRATE PARENT.—Am I to understand there is some idiotic affair between you and that impecunious young ass, Lord Bilaris?

FAIR DAUGHTER (*very sweetly*).—Only you, papa?—*Illustrated Bits.*



THE men wear some mighty homely hats, but it can, at least, be said for the men that they never claim their headgear came from Paris.—*Atchison Weekly Globe.*



THE KIND YOUR
GRANDFATHER USED

CURIOUS.

"It's curious," said Uncle Eben, "dat a lot o' folks will hardly notice de speeches of de country's brainiest men, an' dat dey'll read every word of what an ex-champion of prize-fightin' has to say!"—*Washington Star.*

COULD ONLY GUESS.

"How many ribs have you, Johnny?" asked the teacher in physiology.

"I don't know, ma'am," giggled Johnny, squirming around on one foot. "I'm so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."—*Phila. Record.*



NO IMPROVEMENT.

"I guess the show will have to bust here in Oshkosh," said the soubrette.

"I don't like to bust in a town with such a name as Oshkosh," declared the comedian. "What's the next stop?"

"Ypsilanti."

"Let 'er bust!"

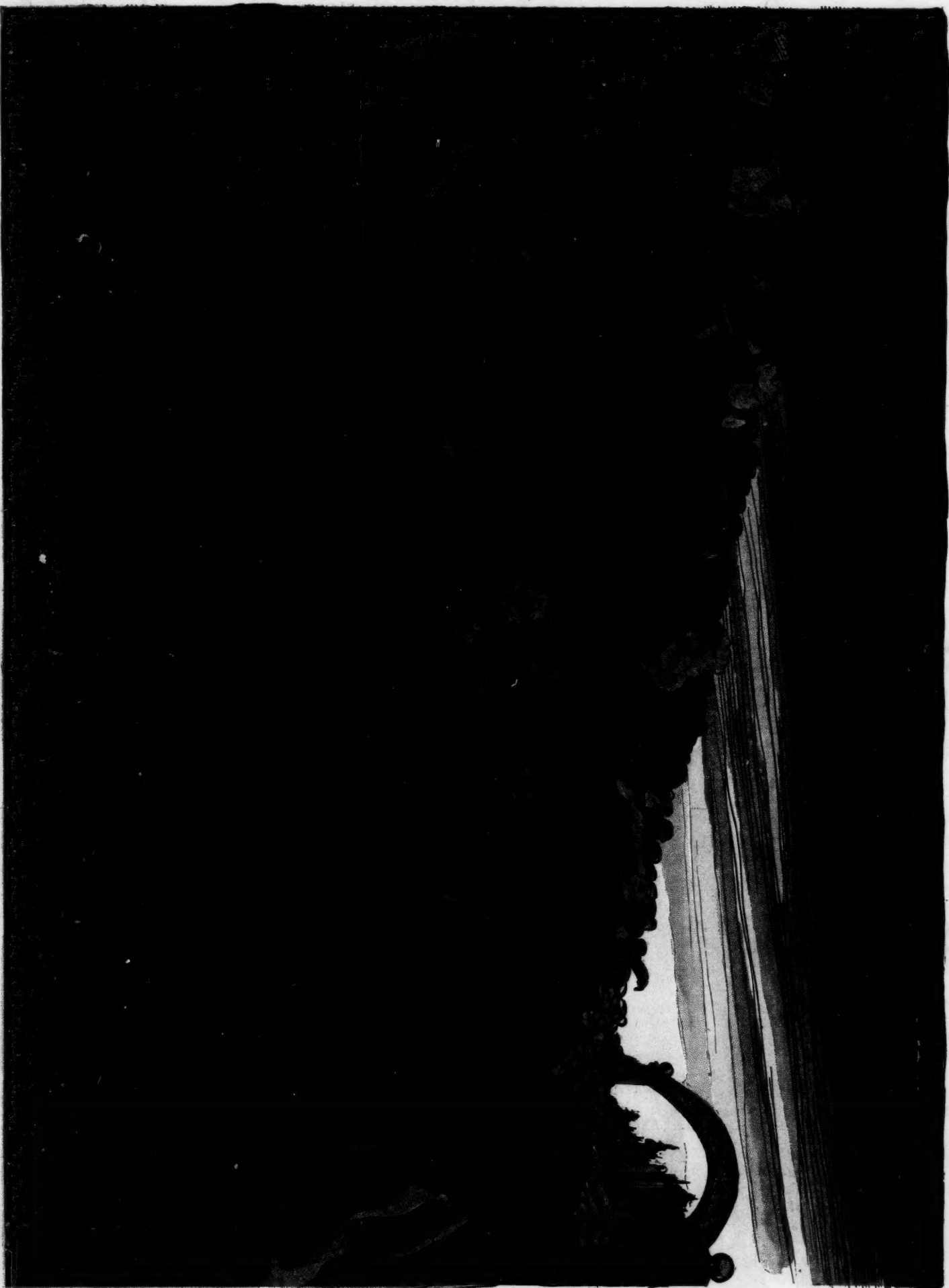
GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

SUPPLIED.

PASSENGER AGENT.—Here are some post-card views along our line of railroad. Would you like them?

PATRON.—No, thank you; I rode over the line one day last week and have views of my own on it.—*Chicago News.*

PUCK



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THE HUMAN RACE.